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in our experience, though there is much besides the purely intel-Some of Professor Wenley's assertions of the lack of continuity between the causal and the teleological, the historical and the metahistorical, are at least unfortunate in form, and really inconsistent with his interpretation of essential Christianity, since they would divide the temporal life of men from the divine unity which gives it meaning and value. In short, Professor Wenley seems to waver between two standpoints, epistemological and metaphysical, which cannot be further discussed within the limits of this notice. These criticisms, if admitted, would not destroy the value of his discussion of the permanent place and meaning of religion in human life. sincere effort to face all the difficulties frankly, and not to neglect any aspect of the truth, is of a nature to draw criticism from all sides; but the volume of this will be only a measure of the book's value to the thoughtful reader, whether or not he agree with its author. He will also find its manner pleasantly accordant with its matter, provided occasional passages which seem like reminiscences of Carlyle or of Hutchinson Stirling do not disturb him.

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Religion and the Modern Mind. By Frank Carleton Doan. Boston: Sherman, French & Co., 1909. Pp. ix, 201.

This is a book which it is impossible to read in cold blood. In most readers it will probably produce a mixture of the feelings of sympathy and hostility, for while the author's earnestness and sincerity are winsome, the vigorous way in which he anathematizes all who think and feel differently impairs the force of his statement. In the first place, the book is not so much the expression of reflective thought as the passionate, dogmatic utterance of a mystical nature. It is an exclamation, a cry. There is much heat, but the light which it gives is chiefly that which it sheds upon the author's temperament, and upon the results of a thorough-going application of the famous principle of the Will to Believe. The aim of the work is stated thus: "To show how a man of radical constitution may yet regain an honorable and positive experience of things eternal," and how the lovers of righteousness may find again the sense

of moral companionship with God which is the need of our age. What he recommends is the doctrine of the immanence of God conceived in a special way. But instead of saying that God is symbolized by the best in human life, that God is a name for our highest ideals, and that in applying our human categories to him, we do so not because these names describe him, but because they are the highest that we have, he says that "God if not merely human, is at any rate essentially just that." He deliberately ascribes "to the cosmic character the ineradicable forms and passions of the human organism." He is anthropomorphic in the most literal sense. God he conceives of as the life of humanity, 'God-Man' and 'Man-God,' toiling, sweating, agonizing, greater in quantity than we, but distinctly not higher in quality, needing our sympathy and help, and wholly human. This God becomes literally very tired sometimes. "The cosmic life on its conscious side may well be assaulted by world weariness. It is, indeed, in the highest degree probable that the energy-strains in the universal life should become fearfully fatiguing."

Professor Doan scoffs at the idea of a God who is moral perfection, and proposes instead a God who "is not really infinite but finite, not really eternal and fulfilled, but temporal and in process, not really perfect but imperfect." Again and again he breaks out in ecstatic utterance when contemplating his deity, saying, e. g., that God "is most actively and sweatingly human; that his spirit is right poignantly involved in human relations, very strictly present in human being; that he moves in human destinies, writhes in all our human bestialities, ascends in all our human flights of justice and righteousness; that his spirit watches and pushes and pulls in all the efforts of our human race! God almighty, what a God! God all-human, what a God! Cry out, sing, shout for joy! Unto us a God is born! Born of human labor! A Son of Man! Himself a man, a great Man-God, an incomparable God-Man, a God with a sweating soul!"

Such passages are frequent in this astonishing book, but the feeling they express is not contagious. The author evidently likes to speak of God as sweating, so often does he use the word. This, too, is constitutional, for he is a misologist, frequently declaiming against reason and the rationalists, and having a deeper feeling for the impulsive beginnings than for the goals of life. Indeed, he practically says that God is funda-

mentally passion, not idea. "No matter how persistently a world-soul may in its present constitution be aiming at inward reasonableness, in its beginning it had no idea where or how its activity was coming out. . . . The cosmic passion may be eternal, the cosmic idea is inherently temporal." (Italies his.)

The constant use of capital letters and exclamation points does not awaken our enthusiasm for such a conception, granting its truth. But if the reader, striving to keep in sympathy with his author, asks for proof, he is met with denunciation. "It is a matter not for proving but for seeing; not for demonstration but for vision. That mount of humanistic vision we were talking about is, of course, in your own living soul. Do you see there, do you find there in your own inner life, your own mystic humanity, the courage and the will to believe in this triumphantly and passionately regnant God of humanity? If not, you are blind, and so far, lost! Your own humanity, such as it is, is a lie! a most stupid, thoughtless, insensible lie! nothing short of that! . . . Who wants evidence of all this, I say, is denying his own humanity, is desecrating his own inner place of vision, is lying in the face of Man and in the sight of God!"

What end does the author hope to accomplish by such passages? Assuredly he may exercise his Will to Believe, if he thinks it moral to do so, but is it wise to attempt through abuse to impose his temperament and his method upon others who have a greater reverence for reason, a belief in the reality of truth as something more than a plan of action which works, and who worship a God who is rather the ideal goal of life, than its animal and passionate beginnings?

The bias of the author for the impulsive sources and his hostility to the rational goals of life come out plainly in the chapter on "Life Everlasting." For the child, life is largely play: Professor Doan insists that it shall never be anything else. He quarrels with maturity, and would arrest life in its childish stages. As Tolstoy measures everything, art, music, and literature, by the peasant's standards and powers, so this writer insists that life ought never to be anything more than it is to the child. Ask him for facts and reasons, and you bring on you the following: "Your contemptible vender of solid facts is a public nuisance and should be outlawed on Life's Playground. He is a foreigner there, nor has he any unspoken

understanding of the serious play going forward there. Off with him to the dungeon. . . . I have observed that children and natural men do actually live upon mystery. To both, your literalist, your absolutist, your rationalist is of all creatures on God's earth the most pestiferous and preposterous."

Strong feeling certainly, but not convincing or enlightening. Such misology seems inseparable from thoroughgoing mysticism. How familiar to the student of religious history are such expressions as these: "He who would know God must sacrifice on the altar the very instruments of knowledge, his very intelligence," and cry, "Oh, thou great Unknown, accept now my supreme sacrifice. Longing above all else to know thee, I yet destroy my instruments of knowing." Those whose tendencies carry them in this direction may be permitted to indulge in their devotions and ecstasies, but they are on less defensible ground when they proceed to deny all religious life, all communion with God, to those who regard intelligence as one of the highest forms of life, and who are unwilling to make the sacrifice which the mystic demands, convinced as they are that the goal of life lies in the opposite direction. For there are many worthy members of society who agree with the clearest modern writer on this subject, that mysticism, with "its tendency to obliterate distinctions," is "a principle of dissolution," and who want no religious life that can be attained only by surrendering the ideal of reason, and sacrificing the very "instruments of knowing," and for whom progress means greater rationality rather than the emotional raptures of the mystic.

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PARALIPOMENA. Remains of Gospels and Sayings of Christ. By Rev. Bernard Pick, Ph. D., D. D. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company, 1908. Pp. ix, 158.

This is a very useful book. Dr. Pick has furnished to English readers an excellent collection of gospel fragments and extracanonical sayings of Jesus. Preuschen ("Antilegomena," 2nd ed., 1905), and Klostermann ("Agrapha," 1904) had already given us in convenient form the original texts; and Resch, in a new edition of his "Agrapha" (1906), a careful discussion of